

BRAVE FELIPE.

Dear Little Man:
You may have seen, in picture books you've read,
A story of a pirate bold whose name the
seamen dread.
Well, maybe they don't dread it now, but
once they surely did.
For most of all the pirates was this self-
savage Captain Kidd.

He wore a long-tailed, square-cut coat;
his cuffs were fringed with lace.
His sword he always carried, and upon
his head old-fashioned
He wore a tall, black, "bang-down" look;
I don't know what that is,
But pirates always wear it, for they need
it in their biz.

A dozen pistols in his belt, such as all
pirates use.

Adorned in the captain's costume; but of all
the ugly crew.

That ever sailed the Spanish main or stole
a "piece of eight."

The men who sailed with Captain Kidd,
his faithful mate.

Were just the fiercest, ugliest, and no-
accountable lot.

They ought to have been taken out and
hung upon the spot.

Well, one day after Captain Kidd had
sailed the Spanish main

From Trinidad to Panama and then sailed
back again.

And but he caught a single ship, he
called the *Deson's* mate.

And said, "Aha! there, Bottle Nose, the
hour is growing late.

Go pipe the men to quarters, and anchor
out a buoy!

We'll try some target practice now.
What's that?—No! Ship ahoy!

"Set sail for yonder galleon, she'll never
get away.

Or my full name's not Captain Kidd.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

So, off they flew, the sails all set, the
captain standing aft.

The ship, I failed to mention, was a
long, low, rakish craft.

His laughing and raved, and raved and
laughed, the old scallawag.

And cried, "What! but my hearties! now,
run up the pirate flag!"

On board the Spanish galleon, the ship
the pirates chased.

The captain called all hands on deck,
and in the greatest haste

Armed them with swords and pikes and
guns and all the things they use.

When dreadful things like this occur, to
fight off pirate crews.

Now, in the captain's charge this time,
and right beside him then,

Was young Felipe Sandoval, a noble
youth of ten.

He saw the "long low rakish craft" ap-
proaching them again.

He saw the dreadful pirate flag, and then
he looked in vain

For one kind face among the crew. Was
he afraid? Oh! no!

Instead, he sang the pirate song. "Yo!
ho! Yo! ho! Yo! ho!"

"El Capitan," Felipe said, "although be-
neath my rank

To fight with pirates, yet, methinks, we'll
make them walk the plank!"

Give me a sword, a trusty blade, and we
will attack the scoundrel!"

The ocean of these vagabonds, I'll tackle
Captain Kidd."

The captain looked at him and said—a
teardrop in his eye—

"O noble youth, the jig is up, our time is
drawing nigh.

Yet, I will give to thee a sword as good
as ever made;

Take this, and then he handed him a
fine Toledo blade.

"And shouldst thou see me, fall, alack!
and fall I doubtless will,

Give me a sword, a trusty blade, and we
will attack the scoundrel!"

On came the pirates, guns they roared—
the dead fell thick and fast.

Felipe grasped his trusty blade and stood
before the mast.

And, in his manly, childish voice, called
out across the sea.

"Come hither, bad old Captain Kidd, and
fight it out with me."

The pirate swore a fearful swear, and
gnashed his teeth and cried:

"Just wait about a minute and I'll tan
that youngster's hide."

But Captain Kidd, he never lived to car-
ry out his threat.

Felipe cried, "Come on! Portrout! I've
not surrendered yet."

Fill up your mug with rum, yo! ho! and
throw away the cup.

And hurry, please, before the boy who
dreamed this dream wakes up.

—D. W. Cooke, in St. Nicholas.

Valuable Hypocrisy.

(Willow, carefully marcelled young
woman with her hands full of false
puffs, transfers her gum to the other
side of her mouth as she addresses a
replian of herself who is passing with
an air of towels.)

"Ain't this fierce, Mame? Fourteen
for me since I took off my hat this
morning! Hold the ends of these
puffs while I roll them up again."

"They're Mrs. Milmer's—the fat wo-
man with millions of money, you
know. She's getting a facial now,
and, goodness knows, she needs it!
But you I wouldn't have a double chin
if I was as rich as that. She says a
soft arrangement of puffs is so be-
coming to her style of beauty. I
thought that would send you off."

"Say, I've got to hurry with these
things, for Mrs. Ditton phoned down
for an appointment. She won't let
any one shampoo her but me—says I
have a magnetic touch. It's because
I shovel battery at her, that's why!
Never knew one of these homely crea-
tures in my life you couldn't work
that way. It's good for 50 cents on
the side every time, too. And her
hair—it's the hair! Take these, for
there she comes now looking for me."

"Why, how-do-do, Mrs. Ditton!
Fes'm, I've been waiting for you. I
had two other customers, but I said
I simply couldn't do them for I had
an engagement with you. It's a treat
to wait on any one like you. It
doesn't seem as if you needed a sham-
poo so soon, does it, for your hair
doesn't show dust. It's queer that it
doesn't, your hair being so fine and
slippery. That's often you see such hair
three days, because of the curling
iron and a good deal of vasoline."

"Oh my, no. I don't wash my hair
thin at all, no, indeed! What
would a little blonde person like you

do with a great mass of hair, I'd like
to know! You've plenty."

"There—is that comfortable? It
makes such a difference whether a
person is comfortable or not. Dear
me—did I get soap in your eyes?
Now, some ladies would really re-
med about that—I wish more of them
had your disposition."

"Yes'm, our facial treatments are \$1
each, but you don't need 'em. Why,
I should say not! If your face was
any fatter it would be all out of pro-
portion, yes'm! It looks more girlish
as it is. If you'd wear a Jane now, to
pull your hair out, you know. They're
only \$5. I'll try one when I go to do
your hair up."

"Who? The short girl with the big
eyes at the next chair? Oh, she left
two weeks ago. There was a man
who came here real often to be man-
icured, and he was the sweetest looking!
His neckties and hosiery always
matched, and you ought-a seen his di-
amond ring! All the girls were just
crazy about him, but he picked out
Susie right away. They was married
two weeks ago Monday—I remember,
because that was the day my green
dress came home so late and I was
afraid I'd miss the wedding."

"No, he doesn't have any set busi-
ness that I know of—he just watches
the stock market. He owns a bucket
shop or something, and she has elegant
furniture in her flat, simply elegant.
Some girls have luck. Oh, she knew him long enough—it was
five weeks ago he began coming in
here."

"You can't tell about a man, any-
how. Look at me. Here I went with
Tommy two years steady, and then he
married the Sturtmeyer girl at the
other end of the block, who never
marcelled her hair in her life! And
him getting \$35 a week, too! Not
that I let on! I said: 'Tommy Dono-
hue, there's just as good fish in the
sea as ever, and don't you think I'm
going to sit down and cry about a
little red-headed, good-for-nothing
shrimp like you when there are plenty
of gentlemen ready to take me out
and treat me right!' He went away
looking mighty thoughtful, too!
Course, I felt bad."

"Did I pull them? Guess I got ex-
cited thinking about Tommy. Honest,
I did like him. I'll bet there'll be a
divorce there in year with her temper
—but he won't find me waiting; no,
sir! A girl that always keeps herself
up as I do don't have to wait! You
know how it is yourself, Mrs. Ditton."

"There, doesn't that look lovely?
It's just a pleasure to work over hair
like yours! Wait till I get it puffed
out on the side, I thought you'd like
that Jane. Whenever you are ready
for another hairdresser you just phone
me, won't you? I'd feel mighty bad
to see any one else waiting on you.
I'd think you didn't like my work."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Ditton—you
didn't need to do that. I wasn't ex-
pecting anything. Let me fix your
veil for you. Yes'm, it looks fine."

"Did you give Mrs. Milmer her
puffs, Mame? Gee, but I'm tired. Did
you ever see any one who looked
more like a fox than that Mrs. Ditton
with her pointed face and them puffs?
I always go to look at myself in the
glass to rest up after I've had to stare
at her an hour."

"Say, give me a manicure, will you?
My gentleman friend is going to take
me out to dinner, and I've got to fix
up. No, nobody you know—I'm keep-
ing him to myself."

"And it'll be a dinner, too—nothing
etings about him! He says nothing
is too good for me, and I guess that's
right!"—Chicago News.

Council Tree Felled.

Walter Edgory has just cut a giant
oak tree on his farm, north of Perry,
which made 61 cords of wood. It was
six and a half feet in diameter at the
butt and one limb made five and a
half cords. This tree has been a prom-
inent landmark in North Perry for a
century or more.

An expert woodman of that locality
who was present when the monarch
of the forest was felled to the ground
stated that the number of visible
rings in the tree showed that it was
over 400 years old. The oak was
known as the "Council tree," on ac-
count of the fact that history credits
Indian chiefs on the Genesee with
having held their tribal powwows un-
der its ample shade.—Warren Cor.
Rochester Herald.

Best Limericks.

I am told by the conductor of the
largest Limerick competitions that the
best Limericks come from Scotland,
Ireland and Wales in that order. The
Scotch, he said, have a peculiar bent
for neat and apt rhymes, but so witty
as the Irish, but possessing a happier
turn of phrase. And thus it was that
a large portion of the prizes have gone
north of the Tweed.—Western Mail.

They'd Out-Cat Nicholas.

Uncle Hardacre—I believe in gov-
ernment ownership of all monopolies,
especially the railroads.

Uncle Haskach—I don't doubt that.
But stop the think what the conduc-
tor is like if they had the full
army and navy backs' 'em up!—From
Puck.

The Soldier's Field Equipment.

From the New York Sun.

The problem of the soldier's field
equipment is one that is continually
before the military authorities. On
the one hand ever effort is made to
lighten his pack in order that he may
be able to march and fight better;
on the other hand, the improvements
in material and the changes in con-
ditions of warfare constantly de-
mand additions to his pack: intrench-
ing tools, range finders, cooking uten-
sils, tools for removing obstructions
(wire entanglements, etc.), and
others too numerous to mention.

The weight of the arms, ammuni-
tion and equipments carried by the
infantry soldier of the different ar-
mies of the world is as follows:

	Pounds.
Germany.....	63.71
France.....	67.48
France (Alpine troops).....	70.61
Italy.....	64.10
Italy (Alpine troops).....	63.02
Japan (summer).....	62.40
Austria-Hungary.....	64.50
Russia.....	64.25
Switzerland (old pack).....	60.41
Switzerland (experimental pack, 1907).....	50.90

The French infantryman, therefore,
carries the lightest pack and the
French Alpine chasseur the heaviest.
The average pack weighs 63.41
pounds.

The United States soldier marches
very light, but then he has no pre-
scribed intrenching tools or individ-
ual cooking implements (other than
his mess kit) to carry, so that it is
not possible to compare his equip-
ment directly with that of the Euro-
pean soldier.

It is a remarkable fact that al-
though our soldiers in the Civil War
taught the world the art of intrench-
ing on the field, ours is to-day the
only important army not provided
with a definite portable intrenching
tool for the men to carry in their
packs. The lessons of 1861-65 Aus-
tria had not learned in 1866, nor
France in 1870-71. But in 1877-78
Turkey had learned the lessons, and
Russia paid the penalty of her neg-
lect. At the beginning of the South
African war England again paid the
penalty of neglecting field intrench-
ment, whereas the Boers made full
use of it. The recent campaign in
Manchuria has again called attention
to its great importance in battle, and
the military world is once more rest-
lessly striving to perfect the infantry
equipment in that respect.

In the European armies the in-
trenching tools carried into the field
are definitely prescribed in regula-
tions. Some of these are carried by
the men in their packs, others on
special wagons accompanying the
troops.

For example, the soldiers of a bat-
talion of infantry in Germany carry
the following: 400 short handled
spades, forty pickaxes and twenty
axes and hatchets. The engineers
and other special arms carry a great-
er supply, including also saws, wire
cutters, etc., which are also carried
by the cavalry. Recently the folding
saw carried by the cavalry in Ger-
many has been improved so that its
two wooden packing sticks can be
used as handles for the three-corn-
ered file and the roundawl.

The question of reducing the
weight of the pack (exclusive of
arms and ammunition) has occupied
the military world for a long time,
but now it is proposed to reduce the
number of rounds of ammunition
carried by the soldier because it is
believed that ninety rounds a man

(instead of 120 or 150) will be quite
sufficient for all ordinary cases. Of
course this is only a proposed change;
it will probably meet with little fa-
vor, but it is a matter worth con-
sidering.

Dr. Hoyer, a Hungarian army sur-
geon, proposed inlaid soles or socks
of asbestos for the soldiers, and they
have been adopted for the Hungarian
army. The idea is that the marching
capacity of the soldier is less endan-
gered by his getting tired than by
the sensitiveness of the skin of the
feet in coming in contact with the
leather of the shoe.

A new weapon has recently been
invented which promises to be of
great use for arming the cavalry,
namely, a sabre pistol. This inven-
tion is due to Herr August Kirchen,
Jr., Rheindt, Rheinland, Germany,
and consists of a self-loading Brown-
ing pistol introduced in the grip of
the sabre. When the sabre is held
vertically, edge to the left, to put
the pistol in place the barrel of the
pistol is passed horizontally from the
right between the two shells of the
grip, near its top, the butt of the
pistol lying vertically between the
two shells of which the grip is com-
posed. At a "carry," therefore, the
pistol would point in the direction of
the enemy. The magazine, holding
nine rounds, is introduced into the
pistol from the bottom of the sabre
grip. The pistol is removed from the
hilt of the sabre by first pulling out
the magazine, then lifting a spring,
taking out the pistol and replacing
the magazine in it. This requires
only a few seconds. The pistol can
be used either in the sabre or sepa-
rately.

Neither France nor Germany has
definitely decided on the exact color
of a field uniform. At least such is
the official statement. Unofficially
it appears to be known that Germany
at least has concluded her experi-
ments, adopted her field color and is
now having the clothing storehouses
filled with the new uniform clothing.
The color reported to have been
adopted is a gray-green, slightly
shading into brown, as best adapted
for the landscape conditions of Cen-
tral Europe. The official announce-
ment of the adoption of the new
field uniform will probably soon fol-
low.

By a recent order the German in-
fantry pack is to be reduced in
weight as follows: By carrying the
third day's rations some other way,
so that the soldier carries only two;
by reducing the weight of the knap-
sack, overcoat and cleaning mate-
rial and carrying a part of it some
other way; by leaving off, eighty
tents from the present supply for
each company on a war footing; by
carrying a part of the intrenching
tools or field telephones on the am-
munition wagons; by leaving off
part of the load of the pack wagon
and utilizing the space to lighten
the load carried by the men. Port-
able field kitchens are to be definitely
introduced, and the third day's ra-
tions are to be carried on them.

The company pack wagons are to
be lightened by leaving out the great-
er part of the printed regulations
prescribed and the reserve articles.
By this means room is made for 100
overcoats, or 100 tents, or twenty
packed knapsacks, or 115 spades,
pickaxes and axes, or 3000 rounds
of ammunition, which can be taken
from the weaker among the men.

Electricity in Mining.

One of the striking results of the
utilization of water-power for the
development of electricity to drive
machinery is seen in mining districts
where the absence of fuel has long
presented an obstacle to the economi-
cal employment of steam. A won-
derful change is reported to have
taken place in this respect during the
past year or two in Mexico. In the
State of Guanajuato the increasing
cost of fuel had rendered impossible
the further mining and milling of
many grades of ore, which are now
again profitably worked with the aid
of electric machinery, actuated by
the water-power obtainable in the
neighborhood. The fact that electric
power can be transmitted a long dis-
tance is also taken advantage of in
well-wooded districts, where the fuel
is burned on the spot, and the result-
ing mechanical power is sent by cable
to the mines.

A Queer Labor-Saving Device.

Many Western railroads have fire-
ballasted tracks, on which weeds
grow luxuriantly. It has been neces-
sary to employ as many as sixteen
men to cut the weeds along one mile
of track (if it was desired to have
it done at as rapid a rate as one
mile a day); but the Union Pacific
now uses a gasoline weed-burner
which is capable of doing as much
work as 120 men; that is, it burns
twenty miles a day. The device is
mounted on trucks and consists of a
system of burners close to the ground,
operated in much the same manner
as the blowers for softening asphalt
pavements. Gasoline furnishes the
 motive power of the car also.—Leve-
lle's Weekly.

Edition: Twelve Billion Copies.

It is estimated that the annual ag-
gregation of the circulation of the
newspapers of the world is some 12-
000,000,000 copies. To grasp an idea
of what these figures mean one should
be told that these papers would cover
no fewer than 10,450 square miles of
surface; that they are printed on
781,250 tons of paper; and, further,
that if the number (12,000,000,000)
represented, instead of copies, seconds
of time it would take more than 233
years for them to elapse. In lieu of
this arrangement, we might press and
pile them vertically upward to reach
our highest mountains.

Topping all these and even the
highest Alps, the pile would reach
the magnificent altitude of, in round
numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that
the average man spends five minutes
in the day reading his paper (a very
low estimate), we find that the peo-
ple of the world altogether annually
consume in the reading of their pa-
pers an amount of time equivalent to
105,000 years.—Harper's Weekly.

Antiquity of the Oath.

The oath is practically as old as
history itself. As far back as we can
go we find some form of appeal to
the forces that are stronger than
man. The oath calling God to wit-
ness is, of course, much later than
that made in the name of the powers
of nature, fire, flood and tempest,
or the ferocity of wild beasts, or the
terror of the pestilence. The gesture
of the raised hand and the formula
"So help me God," is of Jewish-Chris-
tian origin, although the ancient Na-
tions were in the name of their gods.



HABITATIONS.

I'd like to live in Germany, where dogs
are eight feet long—
They call 'em quadrupeds, but that is man-
ifestly wrong.
Yet they're not octopi, and this the where-
fore and the why—
They more than make up for their length
by being one foot high.

I'd love to live in Scotland, where the soil
of Celts wear kilts,
Or in Provencal marshes, where the peas-
ants walk on stilts;
I'd like to live in England, too—but mercy,
what's the use?
Nobody'd understand my jokes—the Angles
are obtuse!

—Cleveland Leader.

PLACED.

Knicker—"Was he among those
who also spoke?"
Bocker—"No, he was among those
who said in part."—New York Sun.

THEN THE SWEARS.

Nan—"What is the first thing you
have to learn in playing golf?"
Fan—"The accent."—Chicago
Tribune.

FARLOR CYNICISM.

"Front has written a treatise on
bachelors."
"What does he call it?"
"Lives of the Hunted."—Life.

A THOUGHTFUL FAMILY.

"Does your father know I love
you?"
"No. Papa isn't very well, and
we've kept it from him."—Harper's
Weekly.

NEW OR NOTHING.

"Burrroughs has a happy faculty of
making new friends wherever he
goes."
"He has to. He owes all the old
ones."—Houston Post.

THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.



Wife—"It was so thoughtful of
you, my dear John, to make your
will, but as you may go before me,
nobody knows, what do you want to
be written on your grave?"
John—"Alone at last!"—ANY
Sloper.

UNANSWERABLE.

"Why do women enjoy wearing
a matinee?" said he.
"I don't know," answered she.
"Why do men enjoy getting under
the umpire?"—Washington Post.

HOTTER THAN HADES.

"I beg pardon," said the new
rival, "but it seems to me that
cessively warm here."
"Eh! what?" snorted the
dently you forget where you are.
This place is meant to be warm."
"Quite so, but there's such a
an overdoing it."—Baltimore
African.

A REAL FIGHT.

Subbubs—"My wife and I were
enjoying household affairs of the
night, and we got into a fight."
Citizen—"Really, you can't
fight?"

Subbubs—"Yes, the way of the
everheard us."—Catholic
and Times.

NO PLACE TO DIE.

A soldier of the legion lay dying in
Algiers.
A committee of citizens who were
ed to boom Algiers as a health resort
waited upon him.
"We want you to change your
headquarters," announced "them."
"You're hurting business here."—
Pittsburg Post.

RUNNING INTO FLESH.

Conkley—"There's nothing like
plenty of exercise to reduce one's
weight."
Joakley—"But there's something
the more exercise he takes the more
he runs into flesh."
Conkley—"What exercise does he
take?"
Joakley—"Motoring."—Phoeni-
xian Press.